

New York Tribune.

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Still in the First Stages of the Great War.

Those who have been impatiently awaiting news of a great battle in Belgium or on the border of France and Luxembourg overlook the fact that the mobilization of big armies takes time and that Germany, in order to begin an invasion of France, has had to push to the front from 750,000 to 1,000,000 men. The civilized world has never yet seen so large a force assembled and operated in a single theatre of war. To get it ready for concerted action in less than two weeks would be something approaching the miraculous in military dexterity.

Moltke was one of the greatest organizers of modern times. He was the father of the modern general staff system, with its programmes of mobilization and attack prepared long in advance. His success in mobilizing the Prussian army in 1870 and in getting quick military results out of his prearranged strategy was phenomenal. Yet it took him nineteen days to bring the Prussian and South German troops to the front in sufficient strength to make operations against the French practicable.

The notice of mobilization was sent out in Prussia on July 15, 1870, and in Saxony, Bavaria, Württemberg and Baden on July 16 and 17. Saarbrücken, the first engagement of the war was fought on August 2, and it was brought on by an offensive movement on the part of the French. The first serious battle for which the Germans were more or less ready was fought at Wissembourg on August 4. Then followed Spicheren and Wörth on August 6. In the latter battle Marshal MacMahon's army was routed and disappeared from the front for more than a week. Marshal Bazaine was driven back on Metz by the battles of Colmar, August 14; Vionville-Mars la Tour, August 16 and 17, and Gravelotte-St. Privat, August 18 and 19. MacMahon's army was surrounded and captured at Sedan on September 1.

Moltke got about 475,000 men together for these operations. The French had less than 250,000, since there was practically no mobilization in France and the first part of the war was fought by the regular forces stationed in Alsace and Lorraine. The French general staff of that day was a purely ornamental excrescence.

Since 1870 the means of communication in Germany have been multiplied, and troops from distant parts of the empire can reach the Rhine and the Reichsland by rail without great delay. But the present German army operating against France is nearly twice as big as the army which Moltke assembled, and the difficulties of transport, commissariat and supply increase disproportionately as the density of the mass to be supplied increases. In spite of the vast improvements in railroad and other transportation it is probably just as hard to mobilize 1,000,000 men to-day as it was to mobilize 400,000 to 500,000 in Moltke's time.

Germany declared war on Russia on August 1 last, so that only thirteen days have been consumed so far by the German General Staff, against Moltke's nineteen. For over a week the Germans have been assaulting the forts at Liège, and they have now pushed their lines forward over a large portion of Southeastern Belgium. Undoubtedly the first troops available were sent to the Belgian frontier, since Germany hoped to steal a march on the French by getting across Belgian territory and making a movement on Paris from the extreme northeastern corner of France. That move, had it been successful, would have uncovered the whole line of fortresses along the Franco-German frontier from Verdun south to Belfort. It would have opened the shortest and easiest road to Paris.

The refusal of Belgium to allow her neutrality to be violated and the heroic resistance at Liège disclosed the German plans and gave Belgium, France and Great Britain a precious ten days in which to prepare to checkmate them. The German army of the Meuse lost time at Liège, not only because the forts held out unexpectedly, but because it was not in sufficient strength both to invest the forts and to continue a forward movement into Belgium against the allied forces which had been quickly assembled. But the steady German push forward from Liège shows that the supports behind the northernmost army are coming up and that the German General Staff is ready to try to open by force the convenient route across Belgium which it hoped to seize by surprise with what was really only an advance column.

It seems pretty clear that all the engagements so far fought have been merely preliminary try-outs. The machines of attack and defence are not yet geared up to top power. If Germany has not been able to mobilize 1,000,000 men for an invasion of France, with Paris as the objective,

France, Belgium and Great Britain are hardly likely to have effected a speedier or fuller concentration. A battle of considerable size may be imminent. But the history of past mobilizations suggests that the first searching test of strength will not come until something over two weeks from the day on which the call to arms was issued.

The Marvellous McLoughlin.

It is not too much to say that by yesterday's victory over Norman E. Brookes Maurice McLoughlin fairly established himself as the greatest of living tennis players. With every allowance for the factors in his favor, the young Californian showed a clear superiority which cannot be gainsaid. His youth and indomitable fighting spirit beat down the ablest general of the tennis court, the man who took Widding's measure at Wimbledon a few weeks before.

The first set showed as thrilling tennis as can be recalled. Its heartbreaking suspense will live long in the memories of the twelve thousand who witnessed it. Never in all the history of the Davis Cup have brilliancy and courage been so evenly matched.

The final issue remains in complete doubt. If anything, the American prospects suffered a net loss by reason of Widding's easy mastery of Williams. This match showed Widding at his top game, which is close to that of Brookes. The final result seems altogether too likely to hinge on to-day's doubles match, wherein the Australians are certain to play their best game. The question comes down to whether one man can save the Davis Cup. Against such a wonderfully matched pair as the Australians a good, lively American hope is about all that any one will care to entertain.

The Present High Price Excuse.

President Wilson has every justification in demanding a rigid national inquiry into the recent increases in the prices of foodstuffs. The utter absurdity of the excuse that the European war makes this increase inevitable should be apparent to the most superficial student of the situation.

In the year ended June 30, 1913, this country exported animals, breadstuffs, fish and meat and dairy products to the value of \$381,773,919. In this same period it imported animals, breadstuffs, fish and meat and dairy products to the value of \$51,500,582. Here is a clear surplus of export over import of \$330,273,337. This year, owing to our bumper crops, the export surplus under normal conditions probably would greatly exceed this figure. But just now, owing to an almost complete lack of tonnage, the shipment of this surplus is held up. It is piling up in our warehouses and grain elevators and abattoirs. There should be more food per person in this country to-day than at the same time in any previous year of the nation's history.

And yet we are being told that the war is constricting our food supply! There was never a better opportunity or a worthier cause, it would seem, for a thorough test of our "trust busting" machinery.

A Noise Killer Ordinance.

The aldermen deserve the thanks of an harassed community for passing the so-called anti-noise ordinance, and Mayor Mitchell for having signed it. This valued measure, to be sure, does not undertake to prohibit all the cacophony with which our ears are assailed. All reform cannot be completed in a day. This one merely makes it possible to fine or imprison for five days any person who advertises his wares in the city's streets by horn, bells or other noise-producing mechanism, to the disturbance of the peace. But that is much.

The tourist seeking quaint sidelights on life in foreign parts may find "color" in the cries with which vendors of the Latin Quarter announce their merchandise, and the bells on French or Italian teamsters' horses may be deemed an interesting local custom. It is different at home. The jangling string of cowbells which the junkman attaches to his wagon awakens no enthusiasm when one is trying to work or, perchance, sleep. The strains of the bugle with which the bugler heralds his approach are not dulcet melody to waiting ears. They never will be missed. The city will be much better to live in—especially to study, to work, to sleep in—without them.

General Joffre's Ride.

The smoke of European battlefields is rapidly forming the haze of antiquity around war legend and story. Traditions fall with every triumph. The fighting methods that gave Grand Army speakers such fruitful material for Memorial Day seem one with Alexander's phalanxes, Caesar's legions and the helmet of Navarre. The assault on Liège has proved the obsolescence of picturesque charges on fortified heights. Masked batteries raining shells on unseen foes form no such theme as "The Storming of Mission Ridge." The Chantauqua platform and the college rostrum are bound to suffer.

We learn that General Joseph Joffre, commander in chief of the French army, has won the admiration of his troops by his endurance in dashing about the country in a motor car, with Georges Bollot, winner of the Grand Prix, at the wheel. A battle front extending league upon league doubtless requires an automobile. It is comforting to know that some real use has at last been found for the world's speed kings. The enthusiasm aroused by a commander courageous enough to engage such a chauffeur can readily be understood. But what is to become of the foam-flecked charger; what of the panting steed? We have heard the distant clatter of hoofs steal out of the midnight silence; we have listened to the beats growing louder and louder on the sun-baked road; we have gripped the arms of our orchestra chairs as the horrendous "Whoa!" echoed in the wings and the dust covered courier, booted and spurred, dashed on the stage with the eleventh hour reprieve. Must we now shiver at the sputter and pop of a gasoline engine?

Perhaps if "Phil" Sheridan had had a motor car he would have been at Cedar Creek shortly after the battle started, and thus the necessity of stemming a retreat with a 90-horsepower machine would have been obviated. Just how his epic exploit would work out in modern conditions is difficult to conceive. Offhand we should say that a goggled general, gripping the windshield with one gloved fist and lifting a clanking sabre with the other, meanwhile tearing over the roads in a screaming Juggernaut, would probably complete the annihilation begun by the enemy.

The Conning Tower

Lines to a Lady who shed copious scalding tears over the tower of Aug. 1.

Lady, you have read the Tower
Writ by two, nor one a slouch;
Setting forth with virile power
Long accumulated grudge—
Thus with sighs and mild invective,
Each in stirring metric sob,
For his week or day respective
Finishing one job.

Give them, Lady, of your pity,
Pray for them as they do ask.
For 'tis true that to be witty
Periodically 's a task.
It cuts in on d. far niente,
If the truth be as they say,
Potes cannot *festina lente*
By the week or day.

Sad, indeed, I trow each dirge is;
I respect their triste rapine;
But a feeling o'er me surges
That their fate 's less hard than mine;
Which is worse: long lucubrations
Forced for want of ready stint,
Or a shower of concussions
Ne'er to burst in print?

Once a pillar saint'd stake me,
Showed me from his column's top,
And when friends began to shake me
By the hand I couldn't stop.
I was *THE* simp sempiternal,
In three years I put o'er three;
Weekly landings or diurnal?
Wish such fate on me!

I would carol as a linnet
If some sheet would seek my verse,
I can write some every minute,
But the Eds. say "NO," or worse.
Gosh, their coldness gets my nanny,
"Ethen, fugaces" (I sigh
Off the beat) "labuntur anni,"
Then again I try.

So, dear Lady, in your Pater-
Nosters, will your grace include
Just a hope that my ripe chatter
'S canning have an interlude?
If your heart so kind and true be
With me, I shall find some cheer
With the strain of trying to be
Funny once a year.

J. EVELYS.

It was a delight to see Mr. McLoughlin win his match with Mr. Brookes yesterday afternoon, but not an unmixed one. The baseball manners of some of the spectators were disconcerting to Mr. Brookes. Cries of "Get him, Mac!" made one understand why American tourists abroad are laughed at.

They can't arrest a man for applauding errors at a tennis match, which accounts for the large number of empty cells in the jails.

"THE POWER OF SILENCE."

Sir: I'm one of those who thought that "Life" rhymed with "silence," so I have to keep quiet on the war. But I can pronounce "Wise," "Fronze," "Scholic," "Knabe," "Evere" and "Lafide." So I still have something on a number of the war-conversionists.

COMMUTER.

As we glimpse it from a book-publisher's viewpoint, the foreign countries are all at war, excluding the Scandinavian.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

After reading all that's readable
She pronounced the war formidable.

S. J.

Perhaps William Jennings Bryan, as Sydney suggests, got the idea from Hadlitt. Hadlitt was writing about Mrs. Jordan, an actress. "Her voice," he said, "was a cordial to the heart—rich, full, like the luscious juice of the rich grape."

IT TAKES ALL KINDS, ETC.

I can stand for the guy with a pink neck-tie
And the fellow who sports a gray spat,
But the boob that I dread is the one with a head
That lies under a green straw hat.

FRECKLES.

White paper is growing scarce, yet Sunday's public prints, in all 8 to 5 likelihood, will carry pages of "news" from the summer resorts.

THE PRESENT COOK MAY KNOW TOO MUCH

[From the Plainfield (N. J.) News.]
WANTED—Woman to take charge of small lunch room, who understands little about cooking. Call at Dunellen Car Barn Lunch Room. 8-7-31

Our Own War Photographs

Scene in the pilot-house
of Viribus Unitis, one of
Austria's largest warships.

OH, THAT'S IT, IS IT?
[From the Evanston (Ill.) Index.]

In indication of the wide circulation of this newspaper is seen in the following, taken from The New York Tribune, and shows that they read The Index pretty carefully, wherever it goes.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?"
[From the Evanston (Ill.) Index.]
Mrs. A. S. C. Clarke, 321 Human avenue, left this week for London, Ill.

It may be explained that Mrs. Michel is a prominent worker to the church of which Dr. Clarke is pastor. The Second Presbyterian, and that they went to Lake Geneva to attend the conference there of the Laymen's Missionary movement as delegates from their church.

With McLoughlin, Bundy and Murray as native sons, we suggest, at the risk of repetition, that the name of California be changed to Tennessee.

OUR OWN TRAVELOQUES.

Sir: The most important sights here, in the estimation of tourists and back drivers, are the scenes and locations of Annette's transformation into Neptune's Daughter.

CARL BRANDT.

Song of the Davis Cup Committee: "Doubles, Doubles, Toils and Troubles."

"WHOM ARE YOU SAID CYRIL?"

[From the London (Eng.) Tatler.]
Miss Gabrielle Ray, whom we hope will shine again under the old name.

We had been calling it an international war until Old Sam Martin set us right.

He calls it the Alcomers.

F. P. A.

WAITING.



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

AN "UNHYPHENATED AMERICAN"

Though of German Descent, He Considers Germany in the Wrong.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As an American of German descent I have been reading with feelings of mingled nausea and indignation the letters of various "German-Americans" abusing the press and public of this country for not assuming a partisan attitude favorable to Germany in the present war.

The cardinal principle of American political belief is that all just government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, and it is because Germany seems intent on violating this principle that Americans generally sympathize with France, Great Britain and Belgium.

To call this a struggle between Teuton and Slav is incorrect, because not only Slav but also French and English people are arrayed against Germany, and also because a war will not decide the growth or decline of either race. If the German and Austrian forces should be successful in the present war, one result would be to convert Austria-Hungary into a Slavic empire governed by a Hapsburg, it is true, but nevertheless an empire in which the Slavs would largely predominate, inasmuch as it is not the intention of the Teutonic forces to exterminate the Slavs, but merely to govern them.

Another probable result if Germany is successful will be the annexation of Germany of Belgium and Luxembourg, and possibly Holland and Switzerland as well. No one who believes in self-government can look on this with approval.

No, the cause of the present war is the desire of Austria to bring under its dominion the unwilling Servians, and Germany, in backing up Austria in this immoral proceeding, is wrong. This, I think, is the feeling of most of us, including the writer, who, while of German extraction, considers himself an UNHYPHENATED AMERICAN.

New York, Aug. 12, 1914.

CANADA'S PARTICIPATION

Here's a Man Thinks We Should Stop Her Sending Troops.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: All Americans will admit that this country will fight at the drop of the hat rather than see Canada conquered by Germany or any other power, not because we love Canada or England, but because we know our own interests. But it is fair to Germany to forbid her to touch Canada and then let Canada send 20,000 or 100,000 troops to attack Germany? Decidedly, we should forbid Canada to interfere, and should prevent her even by force of arms. I am not a German, but would like to apply some of that famous "British fair play."

RICHARD P. READ.

New York, Aug. 12, 1914.

THE PRICE OF COMFORT

Some Statistics Involving the Wearing of Light Clothes.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial "Making the Worst of a Heat Wave" is, to say the least, timely. Coming from the South, where wearing apparel is suited to climatic conditions, one naturally wonders what is the matter with the people. Why are lightweight and light colors tabooed? For weeks the writer has been asking these questions and getting the answer that "white flannels are worn only at the beach." I have noticed only two or three men with courage enough to venture on the streets in white trousers. Whether they were Southern visitors, business men or imagined themselves at some summer resort I was too timid to inquire, but when I went to the cleaners to have my trousers cleaned and pressed and he charged me 75 cents, with a kind of don't-care expression on his face, I felt my query was answered. A rapid mental calculation gives these results: Allowing that a million men every day, it would cost \$10,000,000 to provide them with white trousers of not extra quality and it would cost \$1,500,000 every week to keep them in order.

Is it pride or dollars? Is it nobility or good business?

J. E. BENNETT.

New York, Aug. 11, 1914.

NO PANIC ON CECILIE

And None Reported—Line Corrects Alleged Misstatement.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On the first page of this morning's Tribune is a story from Richard Harding Davis, dated Liverpool, August 12, in which appears a reference to the Kronprinzessin Cecilie which we believe to be unwarranted and absolutely unfair. In Mr. Davis's story this paragraph occurs:

"The panic reported by passengers on the German ship Kronprinzessin Cecilie, that put back to Bar Harbor, was conspicuously absent on this ship."

As a matter of fact, not one of the passengers on the Kronprinzessin

CHILDREN IN A MODERN WAR

Usefulness of Boy Scouts Raises Question of Their Status.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I note that the first Boy Scout has been taken in war carrying plans. What is the official position of children in modern warfare? Hitherto we have been accustomed to regard them as non-belligerents, but since a very large number of children have been trained in recent years to do all that a military spy can do, or nearly, and repeated experiments have proved that they can take observations useful to a military commander and carry them in spite of organized surveillance, their position is surely altered. By virtue of the Boy Scout movement it seems to me that every child, boy or girl, is suspect to an invading army, and a general might be justly accused of negligence who did not attempt to destroy so dangerous a menace. One little dispatch may ruin a campaign.

Perhaps this is to be a new feature in Christian warfare, dictated by the will of heaven to those who look in the Bible for the regulation of every modern circumstance will delight in the return to good Old Testament methods. Thrills! STEPHEN HAWES.

New York, Aug. 12, 1914.

HINMAN THE CANDIDATE

Press Comment on Ex-Senator's Published Statement.

Nobody can say that the Hon. Harvey D. Hinman, candidate for the nomination for Governor on the Republican and Progressive tickets, is sailing under false colors or endeavoring to fool any man or party. At Plattsburgh the other day he delivered a speech which leaves no doubt as to what he stands for or what he will endeavor to accomplish if elected. The speech was printed in this paper yesterday morning, and it deserves careful and thoughtful reading on the part of those who desire to know about Mr. Hinman and his candidacy. It is a plain, unequivocal statement of his attitude.—Utica Press.

Mr. Hinman is a candidate as a Republican for the Republican nomination for Governor of the State of New York. As a Republican he represents the purpose to eject the present administration. If the voters of any party choose to accept him as a leader in that really non-partisan, as it is most desirable, work, there is no reason under the sun why Mr. Hinman should refuse their votes. But his explicit declaration, which could not be made stronger, is that in return for those votes he detracts not an iota from his Republicanism nor adds the most infinitesimal pledge to his real, genuine, transcendent obligation, which he assumes with all the force of his personality, to give the State of New York decent government.—Troy Times.

Mr. Hinman makes a declaration of independence which he had been publicly invited to make by friend and foe; which many no doubt hardly expected he would make, and which some secretly hoped he would not dare make. The portent of Mr. Hinman's declaration may be summed up in his own words, as contained in the report of his speech printed in this newspaper last evening:

"I have become and am not the candidate of Colonel Roosevelt, nor of any other man."

Mr. Hinman appears irrevocably committed to Republicanism without any equivocation.—Auburn Advertiser.

Hinman is the only candidate for Governor in the Republican primaries who can unite the four anti-Tammany blocs. Mr. Whitman cannot do it. Mr. Hedges cannot do it.—Binghamton Republican-Herald.

WAR AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

If Women Had Ballot, 'Tis Said, Wars Would Cease.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: War is the strongest argument of all for woman suffrage. Woman is the giver and conservator of life. Man throughout all ages has been the destroyer of life through the savagery of war.

There will be no more wars when women throughout the world have the ballot. All international questions will then be settled by arbitration, and right—not might—will be the ruling power.

Men declare war without the sanction of or consideration for women. War demolishes the home, reduces the women and children to abject poverty, subjects them to all the horrors and demoralizations of war and the agony of doubt and sorrow in the loss of their male children.

Many misinformed minds have the misconception that woman in wanting the ballot has the intent to eliminate man from the earth. She wants the ballot that she may protect man against his impulses for war. She wants the ballot as a means of inducing arbitration. M. S.

New York City, Aug. 13, 1914.

\$624 FOR FRESH AIR

Day's Contributions to Fund Bring Total Above \$26,000.

The following contributions were received for the Tribune Fresh Air Fund yesterday:

In Memoriam S. T. E.	\$100.00
Mrs. and Mrs. E. G. Dunsenbury	50.00
Mrs. H. J. Hendry	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Alvord	25.00
Woodbury G. Langdon	25.00
A. M. Corbin	25.00
Mrs. A. T. Mead	25.00
No name for publication	25.00
Miss Eufasia Leland	20.00
W. E. T. Har	20.00
J. T. Har	20.00
Edith Macdon, Lucille Austin, Carolyn Frances McCom	15.00
In memory of little Tom Stoddard	10.00
Mrs. A. E. F.	10.00
Mrs. W. M. B.	10.00
Louis E. Schwab	10.00
In memory of my beloved Mother	8.00
Mr. E. C. Brown	7.50
J. Dwight Leaggett	7.50
No name	5.00
Without my name	5.00
L. C. D.	5.00
Amelia Louise Rianham	5.00
No name please	5.00
W. C. J.	5.00
S. J. D. Englewood, M. J.	5.00
W. E. M.	5.00
Robert H. Burdall	5.00
W. A. A.	5.00
A. A. Townsend	5.00
I. R. D.	5.00
W. M. S. J.	5.00
M. W. H.	5.00
A. P. P.	5.00
King's Daughters of East Hampton	5.00
No name	5.00
H. T. Dutton, treasurer	5.00
Miss S. G.	5.00
R. T. H.	5.00
Ada E. Jones	5.00
Clinton Congregational Sunday School, Primary Department,	5.00
Miss Florence L. Bliss	5.00
W. A. Openhym	5.00
Herkeley Springs	5.00
No name	5.00
J. P. Allen	5.00
The Beech	5.00
Howard C. Lake	5.00
Helen T. Plumb	5.00
Miss S. G.	5.00
Mrs. Frederick Williams	5.00
Mrs. J. K.	5.00
A. P. P.	5.00
W. A. Walton	5.00
C. G. T. Towser	5.00
A. Friend	5.00
Geraldine A. Monk	5.00
Amelia	5.00
Martha E. Myers	5.00
Martha and Philip	5.00
Cash	5.00
C. G. Terrillier	5.00
Long Island	5.00
Cash	5.00
Amelia	5.00
Previously acknowledged	23,419.45
Total	\$26,043.95

Contributions, preferably by check or money order, should be made payable to the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, The Tribune, New York.

IN THE BERKSHIRES.